

That amid the heavy crash  
 Of those walls which tumbled in  
 With a long-continued din,  
 Threatening death to those brave men  
 Who had worked and worked again  
     At the Fire.

In no mind a selfish thought,  
     But with courage in each eye  
     And a passionate desire  
 In their hearts to quell the fire,  
     As they heard the children cry.  
 In their noble fight they fought—  
 Fought like heroes with the flames,  
 And shall we forget their names ?

## VII.

No ; we've cut them in this stone,  
 And when with moss 'tis overgrown,  
     And your speaker's lips are dumb,  
 And your brazen trumps are rust,  
     Some Mortality shall come  
 Who will make a sacred trust  
 Of this shaft above their dust.

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And the last name  
     E'er forgot

Will be that of brave

NED LAKIN.